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FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1912

OUR CONGRESSMAN-ELECT.

The people of the Third District yesterday rose to the full measure of the responsibility which had been laid upon them. Considering office a public trust, bestowed for the good of the country, they sat in the cold neutrality of impartial judgment and highly resolved to commission as their representative in Congress a man of commanding abilities, of unimpaired character, of unimpeachable democracy, and of unsurpassed fitness for genuine statesmanship. In Andrew Jackson Montague the people chose one who embodies the best traditions of Virginia's public men and who will in the new order of things about to dawn, contribute no uncommon share to the restoration of the primacy of the Old Dominion in national life.

The selection of such a man at such a time is irrefutable evidence of the keen desire of the people of the Third District to be represented in the Congress of the United States by the highest type of public man. The verdict yesterday set the seal of the approval of the voters of this district upon the sort of campaign which Mr. Montague conducted—a campaign unmarked by a single bitter word against his opponent or a single criticism of his record. The program that Mr. Montague presented was one of broad constructive statesmanship and almost the whole of every one of his speeches was devoted to a dispassionate discussion of present day tendencies in national politics and their possible solutions. The result is a sufficient indication of the deep interest of the people in their government.

The course pursued by the electorate yesterday is symptomatic of a stirring and an awakening of the people of Virginia to their duty and opportunity in a critical epoch. No event in recent years has so heartened those who fight the fight for enlightened and progressive government in Virginia as the election of Mr. Montague. His past record is luminous with a zeal to enlarge the welfare of the people. He goes into office free from special obligations, answerable for his course to the people alone. He is for the liberalization of government and the thinking wide open of the gates of opportunity to all men. He is unfettered by private premises; he is a man walking in the open. He is a public man of correct perspective and of broad vision. The people are not so much concerned about his ability to secure favors for his constituency, but they require of him that, as their representative, he shall give to the work of national legislation such intellectual force and such moral strength as he possesses.

They have reposed confidence in him because they feel that he will add to the sum of statesmanship in Congress, and that is the main endeavor that is expected of him. No one doubts the remarkable capacity of Mr. Montague for intelligent leadership, and nothing can prevent him from high place in the deliberations and actions of the House. This is, indeed, an agitated and an expectant age—a period which calls for conservatives with a move, and to use Woodrow Wilson's phrase, "It was an uncommonly difficult test that the people stood in this election. Captain Lamb's honorable service of sixteen years crowned by the citizenship of an important congressional committee caused the choice to be a very hard one to make. Aside from personal and sentimental considerations, there were many good reasons advanced in the incumbent's behalf. The result must be interpreted as a judgment rendered by the people as to what they thought best for the Third District. The Times-Dispatch believes that their decision was right and congratulates them upon their wisdom. The bold and decisive expression of their will means that they have committed themselves as far as in them lies to progressive government in the interest of the people and the people alone. At an hour when the nation faces crisis and change they have sent to represent them in the country a man who will strive with all his might that in him for the common good. Wisest of all recalls is that of the nature which recalls Andrew Jackson Montague to the service of the people of Virginia.

TYPHOID AFTER VACATIONS.

The people of Virginia and the State Health Department are to be congratulated upon the marked decrease of typhoid fever in July. In 1911 this disease recorded over 1,500 cases. In 1912, only 243 were reported. These startling figures mean that education and preventive protection have reduced the ravages of this disease about two-thirds in a single year. The lesson is obvious. Typhoid can be prevented, and it is the duty of the people to see that it is prevented. It is a social plague, therefore society can eliminate it.

The typhoid reason is not yet over and

every sanitary precaution should be continued with unrelenting vigor. Particular efforts should be made to avoid infection during vacation outings. Strict measures have checked to a large extent this disease in cities, but it is a matter of common observation how many sporadic cases on the surface, unaccountable cases spring up among those who have visited summer resorts less carefully guarded than urban homes. The risk of infection is probably ten times greater in the country than in town. The work of the State Inspector who supervises the health of hotels has doubtless done much to improve conditions in resorts that come under his control. But the farm-boarded resort and small springs are both still menaces.

Practical measures can in part reduce the danger from this cause. Insistence on cleanliness in food, drink and service is a necessity. Suspected water supplies should be ample reason for avoiding any location, or for boiling all water. Milk can be pasteurized by heating it to 170 degrees for fifteen minutes. Probably the most fertile causes of typhoid in Virginia are the germ-carrying houseflies, the uncleanness of negro servants, and the poor sewage disposal outside of towns.

Nothing can cause typhoid but actually taking into the system a germ thrown off from another case. The fly is an infamous bearer of such germs. Swatting campaigns afford some relief, but what is fundamental is the uprooting and destruction of its breeding places in filth. Coupled with this should be protection against infection from transient cases. Typhoid patients should be isolated, and their neighbors safeguarded.

The spread of fever from country to town is a startling proof of the social nature of disease. It shows how the health of the whole community is inextricably bound together, and that what hurts one part is certain to hurt the others. The city man cannot afford to have his health threatened from carelessness in the country. Cooperation between all classes and localities is essential if education and sanitation are to help the whole people. Insistence on clean surroundings for a vacation is health insurance.

SOCIALISM IN ROOSEVELT DISGUISE.

From the point of attack of the "regular" whom it ardently supports, the New York Tribune, the other day, in discussing the Colonel's speech and platform, read him into the Socialist party. That our esteemed New York Tribune was not influenced by its bias as organs are apt to be, to twist those deliverances into Taff capital is now made abundantly evident from their reception in Socialist and other circles.

Come, in the first instance, the Call, the most prominent Socialist newspaper exponent in the country, when, after anticipating that the Colonel's platform "will attract thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands of voters whose ballots would have been cast for the Socialist candidates had Theodore not entered the field in this manner," and having charged that he has "betrayed our thunder," exultantly and self-consciously exclaims: "We shall drive Roosevelt and his kind ever further along the path to socialism; we shall force them to paint their 'red herrings' ever more red." "So be it. We have lost nothing, but socialism has gained. It compels even its enemies to serve its purposes. While we work, we do, can water and wait," and much more of the same sort.

Also comes the lone Socialist Congressman, Victor Berger, who declares that the Colonel, though insisting that his program is "corrective of socialism," has gone a long way in the direction of State socialism, and who insists in turn that the Colonel "will be remembered as one of the most aggressive and strenuous propagandists of the Socialist party ever known." To hark back to the Call a moment, that Socialist mouthpiece argues, and argues logically, that it is but a short cry from "State socialism" to national socialism.

As to the Colonel's phrase, "corrective of socialism," we had about the best interpretation thereof in the Hartford Times, though that contemporary's remarks are not directed explicitly to the phrase. The Times, in reviewing the third-term speech and platform, cites Colonel Roosevelt as saying that the administrative system governing the great colony of workers on the Panama Canal was socialism, with the socialism and politics left out. Then it makes this application: "Roosevelt's proposals are socialism, with the politics left in and the socialism denied. The proposals are socialist measures as advanced as any proclaimed in this country by the party which bears the Socialist label." And as perfunctory.

The Indianapolis News-Independent, while of opinion that the nation will have to be made over again if it is to go into this (Roosevelt) Socialist business, can "see no reason why the Colonel should not merge with the party of Eugene Debs."

Extremely exclusive of Democrats, similar comments might be adduced almost ad infinitum to maintain the Tribune in reading the Colonel into the Socialist party, where, masquerading under the cloak of new nationalism and progressivism, he is teaching socialist doctrines in more dangerous and insidious forms than they are taught by "unscrupulous" Socialists.

THE WAKE OF ANOTHER LEGISLATION.

They have been having a perfectly bully three days of it in Bristol. They have enjoyed the hospitality of the city; they have had their theatre party, their automobile rides, they have had their outing by special train to Natu-

ral Tunnel; they have feasted and fed upon the fat of the land; they have had a big time. There was a formal program for the three days' meeting, but it was short, and the principal business was adjournment. It was a time for rejoicing and festivity, for jubilation and mutual felicitation.

It is to the Virginia Court Clerks' Association that reference is made. That benevolent organization of patriots who do not wish the people who hire them to know what compensation they are getting has been holding its wake this week over the remains of the anti-fee and anti-office-holders' trust legislation that was strangled in the General Assembly of 1912. The Virginia court clerks are part and parcel of the great fee-officers' trust that dictates to the General Assembly what legislation it shall pass concerning reform and economy in government and what it shall not pass. The most effective lobby in Virginia is that of the fee office-holders, who are so well organized that they hold over a covering Legislature a whip which is plaited of overpowering influence in almost every city and county in the Commonwealth. No one doubts that the clerks of court, like all other office-holders, are personally most agreeable gentlemen. It is with them in their organized political capacity that the people find fault.

What reason is there for the existence of the Virginia Court Clerks' Association? Why is it that they meet every year to spend most of their sessions in enjoyment rather than in actual business? They meet by virtue of their official positions, but now do they promote the good of the service of the people by so assembling? In private business there are thousands of clerks in Virginia who are just as capable, just as efficient and just as interested in clerical work as the court clerks, but they do not have any organization and they do not come together in Council every year. The difference between court clerks and business clerks is that court clerks get paid so much they want tell what they get, and they meet every year to devise ways and means by which to perpetuate the concealment of the true amount of their compensation. Plain, every-day clerks in business get paid a stated salary, and there is no necessity for their meeting.

When the full truth has been disclosed concerning the almost omnipotent influence of fee office-holders in legislation in Virginia, the people will remove the necessity for further sessions of the Virginia Court Clerks' Association and all of the other fee office-holders' organizations. The time is coming, and coming sooner than the fee office-holders expect, when they will be paid what their services are worth and no more, and when their influence in legislation will be no more than that of any set of plain citizens. The fee office-holders have succeeded so well and so continuously that their cup of joy runs over, but the day is not far distant when the rag will be removed from the mouth, the hands from the eyes and the ropes from the throats of the legislative representatives of those who ought to be the sovereign people of Virginia.

VOICES FROM WOMEN.

Whatever the theoretical status of the vote for women movement, the practical issue of the increased influence of the sex in national politics is looming large before the national party. The Progressives, the Socialists and the Prohibitionists are pledged to outurge in their platforms. Miss Jane Adams and Miss Carpenter are on Roosevelt's committee, President Taft has been seeking Miss Mabel Boardman's influence, and Mrs. J. R. Hadden has been appointed a national chairman for Governor Wilson. In six States at least women will vote for President this fall. Academic difference of opinion is giving place to a commonsense unanimity of belief that the women of the country are going to have a certain clear-cut share in directing the destinies of their country.

As a matter of fact, what every woman knows from an intimate and often bitter experience of the high cost of living is going to count in votes, cast in person or by a male proxy. It is the biller, rather than the wage-earner who is most keenly impressed with the price of meat, or clothing, or coal, and of all the immediate necessities of living. Her platform does not concern itself with the vagaries of national affairs, but with the immediate difficulties of the family budget. Let the housewife be convinced that the tariff or the trusts make it impossible for her to stretch a small income into the ends meet, and whether she has a vote or not, her voice is going to be heard. She can prevent pretty strong arguments to the man of the house.

In this light the promises of the Democratic platform hold for her greater hope than the eleventh hour conversion of Theodore to the cause of suffrage. Governor Wilson's managers are showing sound sense and far-sighted political acumen in aiming to enlist the women in the war against special privilege and protected interests that can levy tribute on every household need. They are appealing to the innate economy streak in women that evinces itself sometimes in relentless bargain-hunting.

No campaign documents are needed to prove that the high cost of living annoys women. They know it from experience. Their demands for some remedy come from deep-rooted personal feeling. The attention already given to this aspect of the present struggle is ample evidence that in the mind of the practical politician the question of getting votes from women is of paramount concern.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Oh, R. E. Morse.
I placed five bones upon
A pickled nag.
I got a straight tip from
A stable wag.
It turned out that my friend
Had guessed it right.
My gallant steed put up
A wondrous fight.
I pocketed my coin
With keen delight.

Next heat my friend came to
Me once again.
The tip he handed me
Was very plain.
It looked even better than
The one before.
He was a learned man
In racing lore.
I bet my winnings and
Ten dollars more.

I haven't seen my learned
Friend since then.
I lost my winnings and
My extra ten.
With spirit humbled and
A mind contrite,
And pride laid low by
R. E. Morse's bite,
I borrowed five cents to
Hide some that night.

Paradise.
A hammock slung upon an Arctic
Snow;
A group of icebergs bailing to and
fro;
And then beside me pelting me with
snow;
If that ain't Paradise I'd like to
know!

A lackey standing over me swatting
flies
From early morn until the daylight
dies;
Another through the night to slap
the sheet—
Ah, that, methinks, were Paradise,
complete.

A shady spot in some sequestered
glade;
And then beside me brewing lemon-
ade.
That tinkles in a pitcher of cracked
ice—
That's what I call an August Para-
dise.

Truthful Things We Never Hear.
"The birthday remembrance you
sent me was not what I wanted at
all. I have a hat dozen of them
already and am not very strong for
that sort of thing. Doubtless you
meant well, but you should have
shown more originality."

"Your dinner party, in my opinion,
was not so much of a success. The
cooking was poor and the place cards
were the worst I ever saw. You
also show too little discrimination in
selecting your guests."

"No, don't drop in any time. You
bore me terribly."

"I wish you wouldn't keep calling
me on the telephone all the time. I
have something to do, my dear, be-
sides listening to your tale of woe."

"No, I don't think you are making
a bit of progress with your paint-
ing. You ought to be carrying a
load."

The Knot Hole Fan.

You can talk about your aged caken
buckler.
That missey one that dangled in
the web.
The old farm house you used to love
so dearly.
The daisies that grew in the boggy
dell.
But there's one other spot that we
can mention.
For which our love was mightily
tender.

It lingered in our memory forever—
That little old round knot-hole in
the fence.

How well we remember all the
players
Who took part in the Doodle Cen-
ter game.
The battle-land of this mighty
ball team.

Would make the class A league
look pretty tame.
We witnessed every contest of the
season.
Without the slightest sort of an
expense.

And to our old friend we'll ever
be grateful.
Our little old round knot-hole in the
fence.

We saw all of the stars that graced
the contest.
And then we saw another kind, to
boot.
Whenever the number with a shingle
found us.

And we had not time to take a
seat.
How many times we've eaten from
the market.
But did it with a joy that was im-
mense.

Because we had enjoyed up to the
limit.
That little old round knot-hole in
the fence.

Abe Martin



WHEN DAD WAS A BOY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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"The Voice of the Tempter."

Voice of the People

Barney and Organization the Need of the Hour.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Since the Democratic State and
national conventions, free space in the
Richmond papers has been monopolized
by articles abusing the Democratic
organization and its leaders.
A few people may think these self-
proclaimed champions of Democracy
are more than justified in their abuse
of the party and the people. Some read-
ers do not stop to recall that our party
leaders, thus assailed, less than a year
ago were indorsed at the polls by an
overwhelming majority of the Demo-
crats of Virginia, and that these as-
saults on them is simply a continu-
ation of the fight by the sympathizers
with that defeated minority. A splen-
did leader for the national Democratic
party has been nominated for the pre-
sidency of the United States. His com-
petitors for this great honor, within
their rights, made a hard fight. Fail-
ing to capture the prize they without
exception at once declared their pur-
pose to enlist enthusiastically under
the Wilson flag and to work for the
success of Democracy.

People who attempt in the beginning
of this brilliant campaign to attack
the party and its leaders, are in dis-
cord into the party cannot have the
interest of Woodrow Wilson at heart.
They are willing to disorganize his
forces to serve their selfish purposes
so recently repudiated by the people.
I am and have always been a plain
every-day Democratic citizen. I have
never offered for public office, with a
dime of pay attached. I am under no
obligations to politicians. Of course,
an organization or "machine" as the
"outs" always call it is necessary in
government, or even in religion, else
little can be accomplished for the
cause of either. I believe in having
honest, able and efficient leaders, and
so long as the people continue to
heavily indorse at the polls those at
the head of the Democratic organiza-
tion, I am not worried over their se-
lection.

Now as to the two conventions. The
one at Norfolk carried out just what
was agreed to by representatives of
each of the presidential candidates, and
that agreement was, I am sure, the re-
sult of a deal of the delegates. I
was a delegate to that convention and
know the sentiment among the dele-
gates was largely opposed to instruct-
ing for any candidate. To several who
thought otherwise, I suggested, at the
opportunity that they move for the
delegates to Baltimore. Had this been
done, a lot of unjust criticism on this
point would have been avoided.

The Tenth District of Virginia had
the right and assumed the responsi-
bility of naming Mr. Ryan as one of
the delegates to Baltimore.
If it is true, as I hear, that those
people have received large donations
from him for their schools and chari-
ties and accepted from him a donation
sufficient to run the public schools for
a year, when the public money had
been lost by bank failure, then I am
not surprised at the complacent com-
placency on him in giving him a half
vote of their representation at Balti-
more. They must have considered him
a good man. They may, however, be
mistaken. I know nothing of him ex-
cept what I have read.

The Times-Dispatch and many of the
other leading papers in the State
gratefully acknowledged the timely re-
signment of Hon. H. D. Flood to give
no interference on the part of the con-
vention with the right of Virginia to select
her representatives at Baltimore. The
right within the party for the nomi-

nation and all acts and incidents there-
to have been disposed of to the satis-
faction of all concerned, and the party
emerged from that struggle with an
unbroken front presented to the com-
mon enemy. It may take the organi-
zation of all the forces of Democracy
to elect Mr. Wilson. Why try to dis-
credit the organization and the lead-
ers on the eve of a great battle with
the Republican party? In an effort to
do so, why quote Mark Sullivan in
Collier's Weekly, when the leading
editorial of that same issue proclaims
theodore Roosevelt the finest type of
man and statesman? Why should any
attack, by such a paper, on the repre-
sentatives of the people of Virginia,
so often and so recently elected, be
indorsed by any Democrat? Why should
such a reflection, by that paper, on
the wisdom and leadership of our peo-
ple be countenanced by any citizen of
our Commonwealth?

This answer is this: The motive is
not to get better results for the peo-
ple or the party, but to keep up a
beat, out of season, which the people
have decided against them. It is all
right to use honorable efforts to turn
out one "machine" and put in another
composed of leaders of your choice,
whenever that matter is properly be-
fore the people, but the splendid op-
portunity to elect a Democratic Presi-
dent should not be jeopardized by pu-
erile attacks based on prejudice, selfish-
ness and Republican editorials. Let
Democrats and Democratic papers work
together for Wilson and Marshall, and
offer no aid or comfort to Taft and
Roosevelt followers or agitators.
J. M. HARRIS.

Blackstone, July 23.

Mr. Lamb and the Post-Office.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Your Sunday issue contains a
report of Captain Lamb's speech at
Swanboro in which he reiterated the
fact that the Richmond office of his
new post-office to his herculean
struggles with an obdurate Congress.
Don't you know that is lunatic?
Congress, busy "logrolling," is
more than willing to enlarge postal
facilities to meet increasing business
requirements, and everybody knows
that the Federal officials here and
the influence of the city's big business
men did far more to get that post-
office than Captain Lamb's mythical
"influence."
Senator Martin claims he "got" the
Richmond post-office.
About all Captain Lamb did was to
introduce an appropriation bill and pre-
sent a few facts, readily prepared for
him, which any wise-wake Richmond
clerk could have done at half the
salary.
Why does Captain Lamb keep chal-
lenging Mr. Montague to find a flaw in
his record? A man of inaction is the
only one who has a flawless record.
Mr. Montague can do as well as Captain
Lamb does, and more, too; and in ad-
dition his enterprise and national per-
sonality will put Richmond and the
Third District "on the map"—that's
why the big majority want him.
Nobody condemns Captain Lamb in
voting against him, as he seems to
think is a matter of fact, the kindly
old soldier is held in great respect
by the voters simply prefer Governor
Montague as their exponent of the new
and surging life of this city and dis-
trict.
CLAY WARD VOTER.

One "Segregation Farce."

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Please publish this in your
valuable paper so that your F. P. V. may
know the views a Northerner has
on your so-called segregation farce,
especially in Richmond, Va.
Hearing so much of how you Vir-
ginians, (especially you of Richmond)

handed your colored people, I was
naturally interested and observing.
Upon landing in your Byrd Street
Station from Washington, I took a few
minutes to look around. I noticed
blacks as well as whites used any and
all the benches in the sitting room—
No distinction or separation of races,
however, and to my surprise, (yes
alright), I saw one big black arse-
yeller hold back two white women
while he took his drink of water from
the same cup and from the same water
cooler as the white people are ex-
pected to take theirs from, while the
line at the one ticket window was as
mixed as though they had lined up
alternately black and white.
I then went to the C and O Station to
take a Seaboard train, and here I
found the same conditions—as bad, if
not worse. One water cooler, one cup,
same benches and same waiting room
for both black and white, also one
ticket window so that the white could
get in behind the black and enjoy the
distinction of being separated after
he got out of line.
I understand segregation of the
races in railroad stations and on trains
is a Virginia law, but of what value
are they if not enforced? Same as our
New York police protection, not worth
the paper they are written on. Am I
right?
A. N. Y. STATER.
Macon, Ga.

"Is This I Ask.
That I be fair to thee is all I care;
That looking on me thou wilt feel
delight.
That when I'm near all else be as a
blank
And alone reflect the glow and
light."

"Is This I Ask.
That the accents of my voice be sweet
to thee.
And hearing me all other voices fail;
That by my side all time be lost, for-
got.
And others be but shadows vague
and pale."

"Is This I Ask.
That when I'm far thy soul will
fevered be,
With one desire as they who wound-
ed years
For but one thing—the water's cool-
ing drink.
E'en win for me I would that thou
shouldst burn."

"Is This I Ask!
Oh, thinkest thou it is too much U
grave?
Mayhap thou thinkest my demand
too high.
Too great a homage that I ask of thee,
But nothing less could I ever
satisfy."

"Is This I Ask.
Remember, 'tis to thee and thee alone
I would be fair, naught else would
me concern;
'Twere but rich wine in full to live
for thee;
Were then thy undivided care too
much return."

"Is This I Ask.
And if thou canst not give me this re-
ward,
Oh, love, I were best to part; go leave,
me now.
I am not selfish, but I give so much
My want is equal to thy gift I trow.
This I ask!"
HORTENSE M. LANAHAN.
Pittsburgh.

National State and City Bank

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